" To what do you attribute your success, Mr. Irving ? "

" To my acting," was the simple reply.

\Ve never had poor houses except in Baltimore and St. Louis. Our journey to Baltimore was made in a blizzard. They were clearing the snow[T] before us all the way from New Jersey, and we took forty-two hours to reach Balti-more ! The bells of trains before us and behind us sounded very alarming. We opened in Baltimore on Christmas day. The audience was wretchedly small, but the poor things who were there had left their warm firesides to drive or tramp through the slush of melting snow, and each one who managed to reach the theatre was worth a hundred on an ordinary night.

At the hotel I put up holly and mistletoe, and produced from niy trunks a real Christmas pudding that my mother had made. We had it for supper, suid it was very good.

It never does to repeat an experiment. Next year at Pittsburg my little son Teddy brought me out another pudding from England. For once we were in an un-comfortable hotel, and the Christinas dinner was de-plorable. It began with *bunted, fare soup.*

" It seems to me," said Henry, *' that we aren't going to get anything to eat, but we'll make up for it by drink-ing I"

He had brought his own wine out with him from England, and the company took him at his word and *did* make up for it!

" Never mind!" I said, as the soup was followed by worse and worse. "There's nay pudding![1]*

It came on blazing, and looked superb.

Henry tasted a mouthful.

"Very odd/' he said, "but I think this is a camphor pudding."

He said it so politely, as if he might easily be mistaken !